Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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A SUMMER DAY.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

O DAY, with beauty so impearled,
Whose signet-seal, the sun,
Shines like a jewel o'er the world,
The hand of God upon!
Thy psalmists are the summer winds,
Thy censers are the flowers;
Thy choristers the singing birds,
Whose hymns make glad the hours.

O day, whose robes of emerald green
Trail softly through the light;
Thy crown befitting any queen,
Its sparkling gems so bright.
I ask myself, with earth so fair,
What must that country be—
That other land, the country where
My loved ones wait for me?

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY.

BY HENRY FREDERIC REDDALL.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

OVER the mast-forest of bustling, breathless Liverpool night was falling on a gloomy day in early spring. A bitter north wind blew straight across the Mersey, gathering increased spitefulness during its enforced passage over the sullen river.

At the stroke of six a hundred creaking cranes ceased to wave their iron arms, and their clanking chains were coiled at their feet. Gangs of tired laborers trooped homeward to shelter, light, and warmth, and the long quay of the Royal Albert Dock was soon untenanted save by a solitary watchman.

The black top-sides of a giant ocean steamer loomed darkly against the steel-gray sky, rays of yellow lamp-light from skylight and companion-way marking where some of her officers were at dinner.

In the fo'cas'le all was deserted and dark, for, though the *Atalanta* would sail for New York at day-break her crew were still hugging the shore and its rude pleasures.

The watchman makes his rounds, lantern in hand; then locks the wharf-gates and proceeds to his snug sentry-box to dispose of his evening repast. He thinks the dock is tenantless, but he is mistaken, for see, from behind that bale of cotton there rises cautiously a round hat that, if we are not in error, certainly has a head inside it; then follow the shoulders, the body, and the legs belonging to a lad whom we should judge, in the gray twilight, to be about fifteen years old.

Were there more light we might see that he possesses a light, agile frame, a head of curly flaxen hair, and a pair of frank, dancing blue eyes.

Not a soul is in sight, and the wind moans spitefully through the steamer's rigging. Peering cautiously around, he steps quickly on the steeply inclined gang-plank that rests on the high bulwarks of the *Atalanta*, muttering to himself the while:

"I can't swim it, and I can't walk it, so here goes!" At the "here goes" he drops softly on the iron deck, and, picking his way cautiously over the litter incident to a vessel's lading, he is soon snugly hidden in the farthest recess of the "fore-peak," that part of the ship away up in her "eyes," and opening out of the fo'cas'le, given over to the stowage of the cables and of such stores as need to be easily accessible.

Who is he? Well, at present, my reader, he is that detested foe of skippers under every flag—a stowaway.

But a day spent in tramping about the docks and streets of Liverpool has left him tired enough, and while he slumbers soundly, his curly head pillowed on a cable coil, we will divulge his story.

Of the fifteen years that comprised the brief life of Frank Herbert the last five had been spent at a school on the Cheshire hills, whose blue summits look down on the great English sea-port. But America was the land of his birth. His mother had died when he was an infant; his father was a busy American whose commercial ventures called him to many foreign lands, and whose face was as familiar in the great trade centers of Europe as in New York or San Francisco. Mrs. Herbert was an English lady, and during Frank's childhood England had been his home; so that since his babyhood he had never seen the great western world, the land of his birth.

But between Frank and his father, though their recent intercourse had been necessarily limited to an occasional flying visit paid by Mr. Herbert to Frank's school, there existed a warm affection, and both father and son looked forward to the time when the latter should be old enough to bear some part in the business enterprises of the former.

One day Frank received a few hasty lines from his father briefly telling of a new venture in which he had become interested, which would compel him to journey at once to the western frontier of the United States, and announcing his instant departure from New York.

Then for many months not a line was received. Such thing had never happened before. Frank hoped for the b but feared the worst. His only parent might be ill or d with no loving hand to tend or comfort him.

At school, too, things were changed. The son of Fr Herbert, Esq., the American financier, whose tuitio were always promptly settled, was of some social stand the son of a man of whom nothing had been heard fo was a totally different personage.

Small wonder, then, that Frank, a prey to a mortified by slighting treatment, resolved to cros ocean that heaved between him and his father. had very little, and all his personal effects must behind at school, since his flight thence was secret one.

Reaching Liverpool in the early morning, been spent in offering his services on boar loading for American ports, but no one want built gentleman-like boy. They called him "ten "baby-hand." A brutal second mate asked him carry a bucket of slush to the main truck and fe mate," and then laughed uproariously at the boy ing reply; while one hoarse-voiced, red-haired ski ened him with a rope's end, and roared out, in no guage, that he wanted no runaway girl-faces on his

Not one of them knew what a stout heart beat ben

school jacket. So, as he was determined to reach New York, and, as he had grimly reiterated to himself, he could neither walk nor swim across the weary leagues of intervening water, there seemed to be no course open to him but to conceal himself on some steamer outward bound.

Such an act was repugnant to his better self, and he knew too well the harsh treatment usually served out to stowaways, but love and anxiety for his only parent were his excuse.

The next morning Frank was awakened by the touch of something cold against his cheek. Opening his eyes he could just discern, in the dim light that struggled into the fore-peak through two small dead-lights, that it was the clammy nose of a dog—a small terrier, in fact.

An instant more and with an exclamation of surprise and delight he recognized his own pet, "Scratch," that he had left securely chained at the academy. How the dog had tracked him on board the *Atalanta* was a mystery, and glad as he was to see his old playmate it cost Frank a pang to remember that the affectionate brute might bring him more trouble when he should be discovered.

Scratch pranced round his master with delight, poking his sharp nose into his jacket pockets for the stray biscuits that Frank frequently carried there. But the search was unrewarded—indeed, the boy himself would have been heartily glad of a handful of those same biscuits, for he had made but one scanty meal since the previous morning.

Scratch planted his feet firmly on the deck, cocked up his ears, and tilted his nose to one side as if studying the situation, and then trotted into the fo'cas'le, Frank not daring to whistle him back, yet momentarily expecting the dog's appearance would apprise the seamen of the presence of an addition to their mess.

The *Atalanta* had cast off from the quay and was slowly dropping down the crowded Mersey, and the crew, surly and sleepy after their night on shore, had just tumbled below for breakfast.

"Hello, Joe," said one burly giant in great sea-boots, "'ere's a dorg!"

"Blowed if there aint," said Joe, whose mouth was full of beef and bread, looking at Scratch as though a dog was a strange and hideous beast.

"'Eave 'im overboard," kindly suggested a third, and "shy a kid at 'im," said a fourth, suiting the action to the word.

Scratch dodged the beef-kid, but deftly caught a bone that sailor more merciful than the rest tossed him; and, since one end makes many, an embarrassment of riches in the shape "hard bread," cold "spuds" (*Anglicé* potatoes), and scraps eat soon lay at his feet.

izing one of the largest pieces of biscuit Scratch trotted fore-peak and laid it down at Frank's side. This ma- was repeated several times, until the lad was amply d from immediate hunger.

he dog's kindness and forethought were destined to ut his master's speedy discovery. One of the crew ed how he had trotted away with the greater part fast, and suspected the truth, but forebore to say til all the watch had left the fo'cas'le. Then go- ore-peak he of course espied our hero.

hearty, you've done it this time!" said he, with

ht to himself that it was the dog who had with a not very successful attempt at a care- lied,

t. Can you tell me where I can see the cap- mer?"

ence he imagined that dignitary could be ap- any ordinary mortal, and thought that the easi- est way out of his dilemma would be to make a ession and explanation and then take his punish-

commander of an ocean steam-ship is not to be very one who may choose to knock at his door. often know him only by sight. His orders to them are usually conveyed through the first, second, or third officers, and his is the guiding power that is felt but not seen.

So Frank's simple question amused Dave Grummet mightily.

"See the cap'n? I guess not—not much," said he, laughing uproariously.

Then suddenly noticing the cut of Frank's clothes, and the whiteness of his hands, he continued:

"But how come ye to ship in this 'ere way? Run away from home, is it? Better go back, lad, afore it's too late. No? Well, then, sit ye down, matey, and tell us all about it."

Thus invited Frank complied, Dave listening intently, elbows on knees and chin on hands, smoking furiously the while.

When the brief narrative was ended Dave shook his shaggy head, gazed intently at the dead-light opposite, and said:

"I'm afeard you'll have a rough two weeks of it, lad. But don't ye give up. You wont see the cap'n—O no! The bos'n, he's the man. But stay ye here, and I'll pipe it to him."

So saying, this rough diamond rose from the keg of hardened pitch on which he had been sitting, and once more Frank was alone in the solitude of the gloomy fore-peak with only his not very lively feelings for company.

By noon that day the *Atalanta's* iron prow was parting the short running seas of the Irish Channel. The decks had been cleared of the raffle and litter which always accompanies the taking in of cargo, and the sun glittered brightly on the brass fittings of the wheel and binnacle, and flecked the snowy sails with broad patches of alternate light and shadow.

Captain Barstow paced the deck near the weather rail as the bos'n approached and, touching his cap, said:

"There's five on 'em, this ere trip, cap'n—three men an' a boy an' a dorg, all stowaways."

"Send them below and pitch the dog overboard," said the captain with a shrug, as he turned sharply on his heel and walked aft.

"Beg parding, sir, but there's one on 'em's a gen'leman, leastways—"

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Captain Barstow, stopping short in his walk. "A sneak, you mean. Send him down, I tell you! Teach him not to skulk on my ship again." And the captain resumed his promenade.

The fate involved in the captain's curt command was indeed a hard one for Frank. "Below" meant the fire-room, and the work there consisted in passing coal and ashes to and from the furnace fires.

Down they went, the boy clad in some coarse clothes, many sizes too large, loaned him by Dave Grummet, and grimly resolved to do his duty. If he could reach his father, he thought, at the cost of a few physical hardships, he would be amply rewarded. Besides, there was no small satisfaction in the thought that by working he was doing something to pay for his passage.

Down, down, into the very bowels of the ship. The jar and vibration of the machinery, only just perceptible on deck, was very noticeable now; the air was at blood-heat, and oppressive with the peculiar sickening odor of machine-oil, cotton waste, and wet ashes.

Full thirty feet they descended, at first by the steep companion-way, then by perpendicular ladders, till the fire-room was reached. A strange, weird sight here greeted Frank's unaccustomed eyes. There, like so many huge targets, ranged a double row of furnaces, from side to side of the vessel, the fierce glow within gleaming through the crevices in their circular doors.

Three smoky oil lamps swung from the deck overhead and performed all sorts of eccentric motions at every heave of the vast floating fabric. In this semi-darkness, and in this heated air, dusky, grimy, half-naked forms staggered hither and thither armed with pronged iron raking bars or long-handled shovels.

Here, too, the motion of the ship was doubly distinct, and Frank's heart failed him when he thought of the many weary hours he would have to pass in this gloomy fiery dungeon.

The three men who were his companions in misery knew exactly what to do. They were hardy laborers who had concealed themselves on top of the coal in the bunkers at the last moment before starting, and, besides, to two of them this particular work was not new. It was not the first time they had "shoveled their passage across the pond," they jocularly told Frank, but this only made him wonder why any one who had thus made the voyage should voluntarily choose to do so the second time.

All four were placed in the "ash gang," and their duty was to keep the ash-pits of four furnaces free of ashes.

Here, then, was our school-boy of yesterday degraded to the lot of a stoker on an Atlantic liner!

Considerately enough the others allotted to the boy the position farthest from the glowing heat, but, notwithstanding, the labor was so severe, the heat so intense, and the boy so utterly unused to such arduous toil, that when his four hours' spell was ended he threw himself down on a pile of ashes entirely exhausted.

When his turn came to resume duty the rough fellows forbore to disturb him, and one threw a heavy coat over the slender figure. Thus he lay all night.

The next morning he was unable to rise, and his case was reported to the ship's doctor. Bearing him on deck with clumsy tenderness his more hardy companions laid him in Dave Grummet's bunk, as that worthy insisted on it, where the doctor found him, flushed, feverish, and half delirious.

"Monstrous! Outrageous! Who sent him to duty in the fire-room? Why he doesn't look as if he could lift a shovel!"

"Cap'n's orders, sir," said the bos'n. "I told him as how he was a gen'leman, but he ses, ses he, 'Send him below!' and walks aft."

Smothering an emphatic exclamation under his beard the doctor prescribed rest and quiet and a simple medicine, and departed.

A word here in justice to Captain Barstow. He was not an unduly harsh man, as the sequel will show, nor did the blundering but well-meaning bos'n impress on his attention the fact that one of the stowaways was a boy. Frank's being a "gen-'leman" was more important in his eyes. Had Captain Barstow been aware that he was consigning a mere lad to the fiery ordeal of the furnace-room, even his just anger against the delinquents would have been forced to invent a milder form of punishment in Frank's case.

Scarcely a trip is made by a steamer crossing the Atlantic but from one to a dozen stowaways steal a free passage. They are usually worthless as sailors, and though they are always put to work at some menial task, they are voted a nuisance by both officers and crew. Every precaution is taken to keep the ship clear of these gentry, but in the confusion of the last moments before a vessel sails it is easy to slip into some nook or corner unobserved. On passenger boats carrying large numbers of emigrants the risk of detection is small until the second or third day out, when all are required to show their tickets. Consequently, emigrant steamers are more liberally patronized by these penniless passengers.

As a rule the stowaway is an unfortunate fellow who is out of work and who hopes to do better on the other side of the Atlantic. But to whatever class he belongs he is looked on by the captain much as a landsman regards a burglar. Cases have been known where a skipper, rather than let the poor dead-head have the satisfaction of reaching the goal of his desires, has clapped him in irons and carried him back to the port whence he started. Generally, however, the stowaway gets off with no worse punishment than several days and nights of pretty severe work, and though in the case of our hero the punishment was out of all proportion to the offense, good was to come of it, as we shall see next week.

THE violets light the lonely hill,
The fruitful furrows load the lea;
Man's heart alone is sterile still,
For lack of lowly Charitie.

He walks a weary vale within—
No lamp of love in heart hath he;
His steps are death, his thoughts are sin,
For lack of gentle Charitie.

Daughter of heaven! we dare not lift
The dimness of our eyes to thee;
O! pure and God-descended gift!
O! spotless, perfect Charitie.

—*John Ruskin.*

"THE LOVE OF ALCESTIS."

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

PAPA used often to tell us children about a beautiful Greek queen called Alcestis, who loved her husband so much that, when the King of Death came to carry him away to the land of shadows, she gave herself up in his stead and went away into the dark, quite proud and happy to give her life for him. Papa used to say that this was the most beautiful story in all the Greek mythology (we little ones did not know what mythology meant, but Mildred and Aleck understood him), and when we gathered in the library at twilight, to hear the wonderful stories which papa always had ready for us, this one was told over and over again, for he loved it so much himself that he made it beautiful for us in the telling.

I remember once Mildred leaned over Aleck's shoulder when the tale was finished, and whispered,

"I believe I'd do that for you, Aleck!"

I never doubted that Mildred would "do that," or any thing else, for one whom she loved as she did our brother Aleck.

"Mildred's made of love," papa used to say. "She'll burn herself out, some day, and then what shall we do to keep our hearts warm?"

There were five of us motherless children, and with Mildred and Aleck at our head we daily ran riot over the country place where we lived, only settling down quietly eve evening to talk with our father, listen to his stories, and t him all our plans and desires for the next day.

Aleck was the eldest and Mildred was a year your These two were the most intimate of friends, and they fo the united head of our little kingdom, while Dick and and I carried out all their behests and followed in the as faithful retainers.

We were an odd set of children, joyous and fancifu wild, free, merry life we led, among the orchards and over the breezy hills, and in the old-fashioned gar father's rambling house. The region had once bee country which had settled down into a quiet farm when the mines failed. There had been an o our house once, and though the grass had grown since, we knew the place where it had been, of playing near it and of inventing all sorts o the gnomes and elves whom we imagined liv in its black depths, below the daisies ar Bobby and I secretly wished that we could and had even made a futile attempt to force fire shovels, being discovered and routed fro ment with shouts of laughter by the elder one

"For pity's sake what would you want to get for?" cried Rose, the cook, with hands uplifte the state of our clothes. "Of all the children you're the beateree."

After that, Bobby and I gave up our idea of family fortune in that way, and devoted ourselves t

tions above ground, though the old mine was always an object of delightful mystery in our small imaginations!

So our childish years slipped by, gayly and thoughtlessly, until one dreadful day in the summer after Mildred was fifteen years old. My father had gone to the next town that morning, and was not to return until evening. Aleck had returned from his first year at school, only the day before, and he and Mildred had ordained a solemn inspection of the whole farm, that he might see all the changes that had been made during his absence. We started out quietly enough, but the fresh June wind and the sparkling sunshine seemed to find their way into our blood, as we went on, and before we reached home again our orderly march had become a wild run, with Aleck ahead and Mildred close upon him, while Dick shouting with laughter, dragged me over the rough fences, and Bobby brought up the rear, in a state of injured indignation at being always left behind.

Suddenly, at the very height of our frolic, we saw Aleck stagger, half stumble, clutch wildly at the air, and then disappear from our sight, with a terrible scream that rings in my ears now, whenever I think of that day. Disappear—not behind some tree or shrub, or around the corner of the house as we had expected to see him do at any minute, but—*down!* Into the ground itself, vanishing with such awful suddenness that we stopped short, gasping with fright. What was it! O, what was it!

"The mine," cried Dick, dropping my hand and flying on; and, "The mine," I repeated stupidly after him, as I rushed down the orchard. "O Aleck! Aleck!"

We understood it all, afterward; how the old shaft must have been covered over instead of being properly filled up, and how the soil above it had caved in at last, carrying our brother with it—our brother, the brightest, strongest, and sunniest of us all; the pride of all our hearts. It seemed too horrible to be any thing but a dream, as we stood beside the dreadful black pit a minute later, staring down into the darkness and crying, "Aleck! Aleck!" There was only a faint moan from below.

"He isn't dead yet," sobbed Dick. "O, Mildred, hurry, hurry." I remembered then that Mildred had rushed on to the house, with only one glance behind her, and with a cry of anguish that seemed an echo of Aleck's own. She came back [illegible]s Dick spoke, carrying a rope, while Rose and Martha, the [illegible]rvants, came wringing their hands behind her. They said [illegible]erward that she came and went like a flash of lightning. It [illegible]ned a long time, I remember, while we stood there looking [illegible]n helpless terror.

"[illegible]leck!" called Mildred, again, bending over the shaft, [illegible]k, can you catch a rope? We'll pull you out, darling. [illegible]k, answer!"

[illegible]here was only the low moan from out the darkness.

[illegible] for the mowers in the ten acre," said Martha, and [illegible]ed away across the orchard, calling for help as he [illegible] Mildred caught up the rope and began to tie it [illegible]vaist with eager, nervous fingers.

[illegible]ng down after him," she said. "Do you suppose [illegible]hose men? Help me, Rose, quick!"

[illegible]ildred, dear, you mustn't," cried Rose, springing [illegible]o her. "Don't you know the air's all black poi[illegible]? Even if you made him safe, you might be [illegible]e we could get him out and drop the rope [illegible]eavy. O, you mustn't. You'll get your [illegible]ed!"

[illegible]on her, almost fiercely.

[illegible]re?" she cried, knotting the rope with fran[illegible]e ten-acre lot's half a mile away. He'll be [illegible]go. Take hold of the rope, Martha and Rose; [illegible]d help, or I'll throw myself down!"

[illegible] way, then. The two women, with pale faces, [illegible]to the pit. I could hear Bobby's far-off screams [illegible]nless silence that followed. Then there came a [illegible]e cry, not like Mildred's usual ringing voice.

[illegible]t said. "Quick! Quick!"

They pulled desperately. Dick and I sprang to the rope to help, but Martha would not let me touch it.

"Keep back, child!" she said, between her set teeth, "or we shall lose you next! O, what will your father say?"

Were they hours, or only slow, dreadful minutes that passed before Aleck's white, unconscious face appeared at the mouth of the shaft? They laid him on the grass and Dick ran to the house for water while the women flung down the rope again. Rose lay down on the ground with her face over the edge of the pit.

"He's safe, Miss Mildred," she called. "Take the rope, deary. Miss Mildred, can't you tie it, love? O my heart, it's too late!"

There was no answer from below. The two women looked each other in the face silently for a moment.

"She's been in longer now than he was!" said Martha, under her breath.

"She's just given up her life for him," sobbed Rose, "and O, who knows whether the poor lad's got any chance to live, after all?"

We waited then in terrible silence, until the men came hurrying up with another rope. They glanced at Aleck's motionless figure, with Dick dashing water on his head, and went swiftly on to the shaft.

"Where's Mildred?" cried Bobby, and Martha pointed downward without a word.

There was a moment's pause. The men looked at each other, hesitating. Then one of them stepped forward and took up the rope.

"I'll go," he said. "I wont be outdone by a girl. Let me down, boys, and draw in like lightning when I give the word."

There were a few moments more of agonizing suspense. Then came the second cry of "Pull, quick!" and they were drawn out together, the man gasping for breath, and Mildred quite pale and still, with her long brown hair streaming over his shoulder. They laid her down beside Aleck, and I sat staring at them while the men made ready to carry them to the house. The one who had brought my sister back got up from the grass after a minute and bent over the two motionless figures, feeling of Aleck's heart, and smoothing back Mildred's hair from her temples.

"The boy aint dead yet," I heard him say. "The pit's half choked up. It warn't a deadly fall, and he warn't in long. But the girl's past help, I'm afraid. Must 'a' been too near smothered to tie the rope when they let it down to her. Poor little heart!"

His voice broke in a sob, and I wondered, vaguely, why he should lift the slender, childish hands that had knotted the rope about Aleck's body, and kiss them softly, with the tears streaming down his face. She was not *his* sister!

We all went into the house, a dreary little procession, with those two silent forms at the head, and Bobby, Dick, and I sobbing unnoticed behind them.

The next few weeks always seem like a dream in my memory, and my recollections of them are confused and fragmentary. I remember standing beside Mildred's grave in a soft summer shower, and hearing the words, "I am the resurrection and the life," read over her coffin. I remember the hush that fell over the house in those days when Aleck hung between life and death, and how my father looked at the doctor with a white, grief-stricken face, as he said,

"We must save him, for Mildred's sake!"

I remember how Bobby and Dick and I put up our childish prayers for our brother's life; how he slowly came back to us from the valley of the shadow of death, and how at last the time came when we could gather in the library again, and listen to papa's stories, as we had done so often with Mildred's bright face beside us.

It was on the very first evening when we sat so together that Bobby asked papa to tell us about Alcestis again.

The same thought came to us all as he spoke. Papa covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud; Aleck threw

an arm about his neck, and we all cried together for a few moments. We never asked for that story again.

Ah, well! That was long ago. Our happy childhood is left far behind us, and the older sister who led our games in those days is "little Mildred" to us all now—the dauntless child who loved like Alcestis of old.

Aleck grew up graver, quieter, and gentler than either of the other boys. He never got into trouble at school or college as Dick and Bobby did, and has always been the best of us all. Once when he and I had been helping Dick out of some boyish scrape I asked him how it was that he seemed so different from the others, and why the temptations that now and then led them astray never seemed to touch him. Aleck's eyes were full of tears as he answered me.

"I'll tell you what it is, dear," he said, slowly. "It's just for Mildred's sake. I never can forget that she gave herself for me, and I feel somehow as if I had her life to live as well as my own. I said, when I was getting well that time, that I'd try to be as pure, and true, and honest, always, as she would have been if she had stayed instead of me, and, God helping me, I'll keep trying for that all my life!"

It seemed to me then that even among the angels in heaven a new spring of joy must well up in our Mildred's heart if she could hear those words and know all that her love had done for the brother she died to save.

HOW THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE STRUGGLED FOR EXISTENCE.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

When King Alfred sallied forth from Athelney and achieved his victory over the Danes * he did not put them all to the sword, as a less humane conqueror would have done. On the contrary, he persuaded them to become Christians, and granted them lands and the same privileges which were enjoyed by his own subjects. They were not content, however, and, aided by fresh arrivals of their kinsmen from Denmark, who through them obtained a foothold in the heart of the country, they harried their neighbors so much during succeeding reigns that at last a weak and incapable king adopted the shameful expedient of purchasing peace with money, which was raised by a tax known long afterward as Danegelt. This quieted them for only a short time, and eventually it encouraged them to renew their attacks, which they did with a fleet of ninety-four vessels, even daring to sail up the Thames and besiege London.

Finding that their good-will could not be purchased, the king, Ethelred the Unready, resolved to take vengeance on those of their countrymen who were settled in England, and on the festival of St. Brice (November 13, 1002), they were massacred, neither age nor sex being spared. Gunilda, a sister of the King of Denmark, who had married an English earl, was among the victims; and after seeing her husband and children killed, she cried out that their lives and her own would soon be avenged by another and more terrible visitation of her people from across the sea.

Her prophecy was fulfilled the following year, and the English throne was occupied by three Danish kings—Canute, Harold Harefoot, and Hardicanute—from 1016 until 1042, when the former line was restored in Edward the Confessor.

But the restoration was not permanent. When Edward the Confessor died, an ambitious nobleman, the son of Earl Godwin, ascended the throne as Harold II., despite the fact that he had sworn to support the claims of William, Duke of Normandy, to the crown, and as soon as possible his disappointed rival prepared to oust him.

William gathered together an army of sixty thousand men, and on the 27th of September, 1066, he embarked from St. Valery in a fleet of over one thousand vessels. "The sun shone splendidly after long rains, trumpets sounded, and the cries of the armed multitude arose to heaven; on the far horizon, on the shore, in the wide-spreading river, on the sea which opens out thence broad and shining, masts and sails extended like a forest, and the enormous fleet set out wafted by the south wind."

The Normans landed at Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex, on the following day, and, after pillaging the towns along the shore, they advanced inland to engage the army with which Harold stood ready to oppose them.

The battle took place on October 14th, sixteen days after their first appearance off the coast, and though it is known to history as the Battle of Hastings, it was fought on the hill of Senlac, ten miles from that place.

The English were confident of victory, and gave to carousing the night which the Normans spent in prayer. Next morning the opposing forces met, the Normans full of strategy and cunning, the English headstrong, impatient, and without any of that skill in the art of war which lay heavily in their antagonists' favor. It was less like a battle of well-matched armies than a Spanish bull-fight. The Normans pricked and goaded their adversaries, and then parried the wild and furious charges of the latter by quick and deceptive movements, which left the English baffled and wasted in strength.

It was some maneuver of this sort that decided the struggle, and as the sun sank over the field Harold lay dead near the spot commemorated by Battle Abbey, and William sat down to eat and drink among the dead.

William was as cruel as he was brave, and as revengeful as he was resolute, and he did not treat the conquered people as Alfred treated the Danes. He built immense fortresses to overawe them, one of the first of these strongholds being the famous Tower of London. He confiscated the estates of rich Englishmen and divided them among his own followers, and in every way he sought to crush his fallen foes into a hopeless bondage, if not out of existence.

All the laws were against the English and in favor of the Normans. The freeman was made a slave on his own land, and English women of gentle birth were forced to marry Norman menials. Even the dead were not left undisturbed by the resentment of the conquerors, and one Norman abbot had the bones of his English predecessors dug up and flung outside the gates of his abbey. The outraged people had no chance of reprisal. Deprived of lands and money, and kept outside of the castle walls which frowned down upon them, they were helpless, and to discourage them from seeking revenge, a law was passed throwing upon them the responsibility of proving that any one found dead was not a Norman.

Minor offenses were punished with the greatest rigor. The culprit, detected in killing a fawn, a stag, or a boar, had his eyes put out if he was English, though vast tracts of land were set apart for the sport of the Normans.

So, as years went by, the once dominant race sank lower and lower, and disappeared from politics, scholarship, and high offices. They still preserved their own language, and the literature written in that language which had been made by Cædmon and Alfred received no additions, except a continuation of "The English Chronicle," for nearly a hundred and fifty years.

The Normans were Northmen, or Scandinavians, who reached France much in the same way, with the same object, and in the same condition, as the English had reached Britain. They also were sea-rovers, bent on war and plunder, and, disembarking from their ships, they had buccaneered and harried the French towns as the English pirates from Saxony and Jutland had burned and harried the settlements which the Romans had left in Britain. But having seized a province in France which, from their name, became known as Normandy, they did not perpetuate their own language and customs, but they adopted the speech of France, and, abandoning the piratical life they had been leading in their old home, they became as French as Frenchmen. No longer pirates, [illegible]

* See article on "The Father of English Prose," in Our Youth, April 17.

in carnage and in reckless adventure, the Normans, when they sailed from St. Valery that day in September, 1066, represented the highest civilization of France; they were luxurious in their tastes, proficient in the ornamental arts, refined in their manners, and in outward elegance much superior to the English, whom they regarded as course and stupid boors.

If they could have done so they would have obliterated every thing that was English, and they so far succeeded that in the castles of the king and his nobles, in the palaces of the bishops and the houses of the wealthy, the England which they conquered became French. Children at school and scholars at the universities were not allowed to speak their own tongue, but were compelled, in the words of an old writer, to "construe their lessons and their thynges in Frensche."

The conquerers brought their literature also with them, and tried to make it flourish on the English soil. It was, for the most part, a very different literature from that which had been planted in the "Legend of Beowulf." The poets sang now, not of "the bellowing of the hurricane," "the wild paths of the fens," "the greedy wolves and battle-hawks," "the fog of the sea-cliffs," "the wide-bosomed ships," and the swing of the waves; they were not inspired by those savage aspects of nature which were painted with such rude vigor in the early English verse, but the burden of their song was of feasts, of love, of tournaments, of pageants, of glittering festivals and knightly adventures. And instead of the old and awkward method of alliteration, they used rhymes and cadences which made their words fall on the ear like music. Here and there one may find a trace of the fierce spirit of those of their ancestors who rode forth from the north on their "sea-horses," as they called their ships, but it is not predominant, and the literature the Normans brought with them to England reflected the elegancies and refinements of their life.

While their verse was written in French, their prose was in Latin, and their works of this class were chiefly of a philosophical, a theological, and an historical character, the latter including the chronicles of William of Malmesbury, and of Henry of Huntingdon. To these a Welsh monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, added a history of the British people, made up of tradition and legend, and though it is quite untrustworthy as history, this work becomes a conspicuous landmark which we ought to remember, as it introduces us to King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, whose story has often been retold in English literature, and never more beautifully than by our own Tennyson.

Surely under all this pressure of discouragement from castle, monastery, and school the English language, with its youth literary forms, must die out. We can scarcely hear a sound of it in the land where Alfred worked to spread learning. Normans are full of song, and the writing of verse a common accomplishment, at which even the king and his nobles try their hand. They have brought with them from Normandy the courtly poets called troubadours and *trouvères*, and the making of songs becomes a fashionable pastime; men turn to it at their festivals as we might sit down in the evening to any simple parlor game. But the language is not exclusively French. "Whoever wished to move in the educated and cultured classes, and to associate with persons of rank, authority, or influence found it necessary that he might be descended from Alfred himself, but to live in good society; and to write in French was required good society to read."*

What became of the English language? We shall answer the question in another article.

Of every noble work the silent part is best
Unsaid, unsung, all expression that which cannot be expressed.
—*William Wetmore Story.*

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* T. Arnold.

CHICAGO MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

BY MRS. H. M. W. HILL.

A SPEEDY and thorough revolution of opinion has swept over our land in reference to the proper education of our youth. The fact has come to be recognized that the entire being, and not the brain alone, is to be developed; too long have instructors insisted upon a one-sided education, embracing book knowledge, mental research, and conclusions, and ignoring the training of the eye and the hand. But the awakening has come, and the fact has been widely recognized that in proportion as the hand can work out the ideas of the brain, can bring the mind in contact with things, giving completeness and definiteness to instructions received, in that proportion education brings benefit and power. All over the country, in twenty-five different States, these schools of manual training have sprung into existence full fledged, and we must expect to see a change in the style of the next generation of workers—instead of lean, cadaverous, spectacled youth, with slender, tapering fingers and flabby muscles, we will behold a broad-browed, deft-handed, and strong-limbed army.

Over forty of these training schools of different grades are in operation, and others are being constantly projected. The Boston School of Technology is of the highest grade, and is unconnected with any other institution, as are all of the others save the one of which we write.

The Chicago Manual Training School has its own corporation, holds its own property, and regulates its entire management. Its grand, imposing building, situated on one of the very finest boulevards in America, seems eloquent as it voices the benevolence of the public-spirited donors who gave it existence and are pledged for its support.

The enterprise originated with the Chicago Commercial Club, an organization of great wealth and intelligence, and is their pet undertaking, to be cared for and by them be brought to its highest efficiency. The edifice itself possesses great architectural beauty without, and excellent facilities and completeness within. Visitors being heartily welcomed, we gladly availed ourselves of the privilege not long ago. Entering the broad hall-way we encountered a class of twenty-five fine, gentlemanly appearing youth, who were passing from the recitation to the wood-working room—and gladly placed ourselves under the escort of Mr. Belfield, the principal of the institution. In this the wood-working room are found the pupils of the first year's course. The large, airy room, fitted with turning lathes, edged tools, and benches, swiftly became a work-shop, as the lads doffed their coats and selecting their tools and places, became eagerly interested in their work. After the necessary knowledge of the use and skillful handling of the several tools has been gained, there is given to each pupil a drawing of the article to be made, an experienced instructor gives minute directions, and the work is carried on under the most careful supervision. Advancing beyond the plane and the chisel, the work of wood-turning is next taught. Twenty-four lathes of the most modern inventions and all needful appliances supply the requisite means of instruction. So excellent was the proficiency of the last year's class that in addition to making their chisel handles, and models for other work, they manufactured one dozen dining tables and a handsomely carved parlor table.

The applications for admission have been so largely in excess of the present accommodations that arrangements for an additional building have already been entered into. These applications come not alone from the middle class, those who expect to be mere workers in wood and iron, mechanics of the better sort, but from those who desire a broad, full culture, who study not because of the necessity but because it will give power, three sons of three Chicago millionaires being now among the students enrolled and pursuing the course.

The mysteries and harder work of the iron working and forge room claim the attention of the students of the middle year in the department of manual instruction. But to these

manual occupations only one third of the time of the pupils is given, while through the entire three-years' course one hour per day is devoted to drawing. In the foundry and forge room twenty-five veritable smiths, in aprons and work attire, plied the hammers and worked the machinery, welding, tempering, and polishing. Cold lead instead of hot iron is used for the first few weeks of their initiative studies to avoid the care and heat of the furnace fires. The two hours of real labor in this room does not seem to diminish the scholars' enthusiasm. On the contrary, the students exhibit with great pride their bolts, blacksmith's tongs, and pieces of machinery which their own hands have fashioned. After they have finished their work in forging iron, they forge and temper steel. They have also made many excellent castings in zinc and brass, from patterns first drawn, then made in wood by themselves. A complete steam-engine taken to pieces serves as a model in the drawing room; patterns are made in the wood room from those drawings; and here we find, in the forge room, the iron and the steel being made in these exact shapes with the greatest precision and finish. The senior class are engaged in chipping and filing iron and receive instruction in machinery for working iron. The management of the Corliss engine is also taught, and each student before graduation must construct a machine from drawings and castings made by his own right hand.

The drawing room is supplied with models, casts, and all needed appliances; free hand, geometrical, perspective, mechanical, and architectural drawing are taught, and the very excellent and numerous specimens of the students' skill on exhibition bear witness to their painstaking industry.

Hand in hand with this manual training is the academic course—mathematical, scientific, and literary. Pupils are admitted who have finished the usual grammar-school course, and compass essentially the work of the curriculum of a three-years' high school during their three-years' study. The occupation of the school hours from 9 A. M. to 3:30 P. M. give no time for committing of lessons during those hours, yet the teachers report very satisfactory intellectual achievements. So numerous are the applications that a great effort will be made to increase the capacity of the school to double its present accommodations, and confer its benefits upon three hundred instead of the one hundred and fifty now in attendance. The tuition for the entire course is $240. Scholarships have been provided whereby a few worthy boys have been assisted, and others still are being planned for; yet that is to be by no means a prominent feature of the institution, only an incidental one.

The health of the pupils is excellent, and their enthusiasm so great in their work, that Mr. Belfield is often pleaded with to allow them to work on Saturdays. The pride they show in their achievements, the excellent architectural drawing, the specimens of wood-work, their strong tools of iron —all these tangible evidences of their acquirements give to them manliness, courage, and high aims. Nothing conducive to their comfort is neglected, even a noonday lunch being provided for in a commodious lunch room, where each of the one hundred and fifty students is found seated in his allotted place refreshing the inner man.

All honor to the generous projectors and supporters of this worthy institution. With its corps of seven able, well-known instructors, its every needed appliance, its projected course of scientific lectures, it stands a very important factor among Chicago educational agencies. From it will come forth well equipped men, practical workers, fitted by the development of hand, eye, and brain, to achieve success in life in whatever calling they may choose to enter.

It is proposed in Spain to start a fleet of ships, representing all maritime nations, from the little port of Palos, in Spain, on August 3, 1892, the four hundredth anniversary of the sailing of Columbus, and to have the fleet sail to San Salvador over the route taken by the great discoverer.

LEFT ON A CORAL REEF.

BY F. A. OBER.

My first visit to Bermuda was an involuntary one, for I had started for the West Indies and had taken passage in a little schooner of ninety tons. The weather ere we left New York Bay was tempestuous, and we lay at anchor three days ready for sea, but afraid to start. Sheeted in ice, rigging, spars, and decks covered with a glassy coating; tossed on a wintry sea, with white caps of foam topping angry waves that dashed continually against her sides; assailed by winds, that howled like wild beasts through her shrouds, our frail vessel was a pitiable object as she lay exposed to the rude shocks of the elements.

Late in the afternoon of the third day the wind moderated a bit, the sea fell a little, and the ice began to drop off in places.

Next morning the ice was nearly gone, and the wind hauled around to the southward; a boat bumped against our schooner's side, a sturdy figure in pilot coat and fur cap stepped aboard, and demanded gruffly where we were going, and when.

To this being our captain spoke respectfully, for it was the pilot, and in American waters he is a king.

"Better go this mornin', cap'n; wind'll haul round to west-'ard an' then you can make a clean cut for the Gulf!"

"All right, I'm ready; what'll you take us for?"

"Forty dollars."

"Wont give it!"

"Suit yourself; you can jest give me twenty, then, and I'll be off."

By the extremely unjust laws of New York, the first pilot boarding a vessel is entitled to half pilotage, whether he renders any service or not. There is no need, in truth, for a pilot at all; but every vessel is compelled to take one, even if it sails in and out that port every week. The captain was furious, though he knew his was a hopeless case.

"What! give you twenty dollars for steppin' aboard my schooner, when nobody didn't ask you tew; an' forty for takin' her through a channel my cook could foller with his eyes shut!"

"Jest as you please, cap'n. *You know the law*, of course.

"Yes, I do; an' I know about how much you fellers pa the Legislature to pass it, too, I guess. It's mighty hard make a man pay for what he don't git, I vow!"

The sea-king was impatient, for he was not inclined to cat-like, with his prey.

"Well, speak quick; for I must be off where I can ter than to hitch on to a little tub of a skeuner!"

"Tub yourself! you great hulking son of a wharf-you mean to insult me and my vessel an' then make for hearin' of you talk?"

"That's about the dimensions of it," replied the ing a roll of tobacco from one cheek to the other.

"Well, take her along; an' then git out of my as you can; I don't care if you take her to Toph

Ominous words were these the captain utte ger.

The sea-pirate was unmoved, for he had upon our commerce; calmly he gave orders way and we were soon plunging through the toward the great open sea in the offing.

Night came; the pilot hailed the boat neer, bade us adieu, and departed for lan curses of the crew. It was an expensive f enacted over and over again, all along our c

Sandy Hook was soon left astern; the twinkled like twin stars. We were now fairly joicing that a few more days would bring u weather.

That night and during the next three days with sea-sickness; and when I finally appeared

vessel had reached warmer waters. All traces of winter were gone; the crew were pattering about bare-footed and clad merely in cotton garments, for we were crossing the waters of the great Gulf Stream—that mysterious river under the sea that flows around the globe, and whose influence is felt throughout the entire length of the coasts it bathes.

I was in doubt whether we had really entered that wonderful current, and the captain, to convince me, drew up a bucket of water, into which we plunged our hands and found it warm.

But the sun did not appear, and still the sea was wild and stormy; still, the vessel heaved like a wild creature, and the great sails strained at their fastenings with a force that threatened to part them, and the rigging creaked and groaned.

The fifth day had come and closed since we left the port. Captain and mate had watched vainly at noon of each day, sextant in hand, for an opportunity "to take the sun." That luminary did not show himself, and we sailed on blindly into and through the gloom.

The sixth night we saw a light—rather the mate saw it, and shouted down the gangway to the captain, who left his comfortable berth and hurried to the deck. Then there was a consultation; they concluded the strange light must belong to some vessel, for we were out of the way of land; though it acted queerly for a ship's light; it didn't bob up and down enough, and shed too steady a gleam.

But the mate was stubborn. It was a vessel's light, he said, because it ought to be; and so it was decided.

Morning will tell, thought,I, and morning told—told a story we did not care to hear. It prefaced its tale with a *groan.* In the gray of dawn, before it was fairly light, a hollow moan awoke us all, a grating, grumbling shock tumbled us out of our berths to the floor; it ran along the vessel's keel, and rasped along her sturdy sides.

A cry rang out from those on deck—"*The vessel's lost!*"

"*Lost!*" It wailed through the rigging, quavered amongst the tattered sails, and penetrated to the cabin where I was groping in the gloom for my garments. How precious the moments seemed, and how rapidly they slipped away. How slowly my dressing progressed, expecting every second to see the inpouring of the water!

My head was bruised by the bumpings it got against the ceiling, as the craft rose with the waves and fell against the [illegible] beneath her keel; my sides were sore from being banged against the berth and cabin walls. The hatches were down; [illegible] as dark; I seemed buried alive. But a door opened, the [illegible] entered, and began hastily packing his few belongings [illegible] bag; this looked ominous of the worst, but I hastened [illegible] without a word. In the gloom were men traversing [illegible] k, like ghosts, hauling at ropes, and furling the flaps. The rudder had broken loose, and the captain at [illegible] was flung from side to side as he clung to the wheel. [illegible] curity of early morning little could be distinguished [illegible] ssel's deck, spars, and rigging, and the silent sail- [illegible] he sails were let down on the run, for an angry [illegible] ed its white jaws right ahead. Fortunately there [illegible] running, and but little wind, so that the vessel [illegible] upright position. In fact, a subsequent ex- [illegible] ealed that she had settled right down into a [illegible] reef, and when the tide fell she sat there as rigid [illegible] propped up on the stocks; as immovable as [illegible] ter when hauled up on the marine railway

[illegible] uled the situation, we found ourselves with- [illegible] g, low cluster of islands, some six or seven [illegible] n rows and rings of foam-crested coral reefs [illegible] intervening between us and the land.

[illegible] ie summit of a tall tower on a hill shed a [illegible] id later proved to be the light we had seen [illegible] re. In sooth, it was the Bermuda Light, in the [illegible] group of islands known as the "Bermudas," [illegible] hree degrees out of our regular course to the

The light-house tower is a stately shaft, 105 feet high, and bears its gleaming beacon aloft 362 feet above high-water mark. From the elevation of our deck it should have been seen at a distance of over twenty-five miles, and so there was ample warning given of the danger ahead, had our captain and mate but taken the ordinary precautions. But they were pig-headed, and suffered the consequence of their ignorance and obstinacy.

A day or two later, the mate showed us half a handful of nails which he said he had drawn out of the compass-box, and which had caused the needle to deflect, and had changed our course. Be that as it may have been, here we were, hard and fast on a coral ledge, and it was a question whether or no we would ever get off. At the rising of the sun a breeze sprang up and the waves began to rise, giving an uneasy motion to our vessel and exciting grave fears in our minds as to the future. About this time a miracle occurred; that is, the surface of the sea became suddenly dotted with boats of all shapes and descriptions, and every boat filled with black and colored men. They came about us and swarmed aboard, shouting and yelling and acting more like the pirates they were than like the wreckers and rescuers they should have been. Some even went so far as to try to cut the halliards, in order to prevent the hoisting of the foresail, which was done in the hope of being able to float the craft over the cradle a bit into deeper water beyond. These Ethiopians perched upon the rail in long rows and swarmed up the rigging like swallows; but at last, after much swearing and threatening, the captain drove off all but one boat's crew, and something like peace prevailed. Another crew, in a life-boat, offered to take such of the passengers as wished to go ashore, and at this offer we eagerly jumped. Packing all my money (in hard gold and silver) into a valise, strapping a revolver about my waist, and taking also such papers as were most valuable, I leaped into the boat. What personal property I had left I hardly expected to see again, and as I bade the sailors "Good-bye" it was with a feeling of shame, or something akin, at deserting them in their time of trouble.

But we went ashore, eight or nine miles by the devious channels we were compelled to follow, threading our way cautiously through the spiked and crested coral-banks, some of them half revealed, some projecting their dangerous fangs above the water, and some shining threateningly a foot or two beneath the surface.

As we neared the shore a breeze came out to meet us, so fragrant with the odor of oleander and orange that we were not half sorry for our detention, and perhaps rejoiced that we had this opportunity for a tarry in the beautiful, "vexed Bermoothes."

Of the days of delight that followed, the rambles by sea and shore, the explorations of land-locked, sandy bays, of glistening cliffs, of fragrant cedar groves, of wierdly-wonderful caves in the limestones of Walsingham, of the hundreds of nooks and dells made famous by the poet Moore, it is not the object of this paper to describe. For our adventure in getting to Bermuda, our coming upon it so unexpectedly in the silent, mysterious night, was to us the wonderful part of our journey.

Four weeks slipped by before our vessel was repaired sufficiently to continue on her voyage. After great exertions she was dragged off the rock in which she had worked herself a bed, and towed around to the harbor of St. George's, where she was hauled up upon the railway and overhauled. There she stood, propped up in the air, while the carpenters busily plied the hammer and calking-iron day after day. The bills brought in against the unfortunate vessel by wreckers, carpenters, ship-brokers, and the hosts of pirates that swarm the Bermudas on the lookout for prey nearly broke the captain's heart, and the only happy day to him was that which saw us leaving St. George's light astern, and a constantly widening gap of water between us and the fair isles we had involuntarily visited.

THE BIRDS' WINTER RESORT.

THOSE of our readers who live at the North will form a delightful conception of a Georgia winter from the extracts given below. They are taken from letters written to two little children by their uncle in "the land of the mocking-bird:"

Dec. 17, 1885.

I am enjoying this part of my stay in the South. This plantation has six thousand three hundred acres. Twenty-seven mules are kept hauling wood for the Georgia Central R.R., and cultivating the cotton and corn. Potatoes are planted twice a year, and they dig *new* potatoes the year round. Last year they gathered strawberries in the garden for the family Christmas dinner.

The house is a large old two-story frame, with a wide porch in front. Two wings inclose a wide court at the back, and porches extend around these wings opening on the court. Large old magnolia, pine, myrtle, and holly trees (red with berries now) stand all around, and rose arbors and walks in great numbers. There is one old climbing rose which covers a large octagonal arbor, and consists of five shoots varying from the size of a man's wrist to that of his leg above the knee. Beautiful hanging vines and mistletoe adorn the trees. In one direction a pine forest comprising a thousand acres extends. I was greatly pleased to find many of my old friends in Georgia, and it does not seem so lonely with so many of them near. The blue bird, the grieving pee-wee, the cheery robin, the meadow lark with quivering wing, the contented little sparrow, or brown chippy, the mourning dove, the screaming jay, the treacherous, sly crow, and many others of our Northern birds come here to winter. It seems they all have *lung trouble*, and find this a good climate for them. And, strange to say, black birds, red birds, and robins, all thin in flesh up North, are big, fat, and saucy here, and are shot in great numbers and eaten. I don't think I could eat robins, they are so friendly, domestic, and honest, though I remember they could make (a) cherry-bounce. Here the wild broom, bay, and China trees afford fat living for them about the dwellings. China berries almost as large as cherries, when eaten plentifully by greedy robins, make them so drunk that they reel and stagger and sometimes fall down, and are caught by barefoot pickaninnies, killed, and go into the pot in a drunken stupor, all unprepared for death! I am such a poor shot I am waiting to find a drunken robin. I'll warrant he cannot escape me.

Jan. 25, 1886.

The weather must have been very cold in L——, if the snow came sifting and creeping under doors and windows to get warm. Few little boys of your age in Georgia ever saw snow, and never any ice until this winter. I saw little boys in Macon trying to skate on little squares of ice no larger than a stove lid. After a few days the small ponds and streams were frozen over and then they skated almost day and night. They do not know very well how, and skated chiefly by falling down!

Feb. 20, 1886.

I want to tell you of a little hunt I took part in this afternoon. We hunted wild doves, which are similar to our turtle doves, though larger and go in large flocks. They are finer eating than quails. Here corn is planted six feet apart each way. After the corn is nearly grown they plant a row of cow-peas (large, coarse peas), and these are not picked clean in the fall. The doves feed on them in winter. The hunters ride to the fields on horseback, and, hiding behind big stumps, shoot them "on the wing," which is not an easy thing to do, as they fly very swiftly. The men, with double-barreled shot guns, take their places, and darkey boys drive the birds up from their feeding places and turn them in the direction of some of the hunters' coverts. The doves are so numerous, and when they start from every point the "bang, bang, bang," is almost incessant. The darkey boys almost run their legs off and shout their lungs out as they start flocks up in the direction of different gunners. It is very amusing to hear them—"Look out, Mr. Van!" "Look out dar, Mr. Wellingham!" and so on. I shot thirty-eight times in three hours, and my arm is bruised and sore, but you need not grieve for the birds. I shot only *four*. Mr. Van Buren will often kill ten times as many in the same time.

ROMAN AND ARABIC.

A WRITER in Lippincott's "Magazine" has collected and arranged a large amount of curious facts relating to numbers, and counting in all ages and nations. The evolution of the present method of reckoning by means of the Arabic numerals is traced with especial care.

The difficulty of computation by the Roman system will be appreciated by any one who attempts this simple problem in addition, using only the Roman numerals in the work:

MDCXLVII
MCCX
DCCCXXXI
MDCCCLXXXIV
XIX

Or multiply in Roman figures MDCCXLIV by DCLXXXVI, and divide MCCXLIII by XLV.

The difficulty of performing such sums on paper led to the adoption of the *abacus* as a counting machine. This consisted of a number of colored balls strung on a frame, one color representing units, another tens, etc. Then a great advance took place, and numbers, for example, two thousand four hundred and fifty-nine, were expressed thus, ii iv v ix. They might have denoted the same thing thus, ii. iv. v. ix. But in practice the points would be continually slipping out and in at the wrong time. A set of symbols was needed to express each unit from one to nine, and this "long-felt want" was supplied by the Arabic numerals—*Indian* rather, for they appear in Sanskrit inscriptions written long before the Arabian period. There is some method in the apparently fanciful forms of these familiar signs 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. In their earliest forms the first three of the series are represented by horizontal parallel lines (—, ═, ≡). The first became 1 by standing upright, and the 2 and 3 are the result of joining the parallels by light diagonals. The remaining six are the initials or most prominent letters of the name of each corresponding number in the language of the inscriptions. We might make a similar English table, thus: —, ═, ≡, F, V, S, E, I, N.

The old way of writing was with difficulty displaced, and in the fifteenth century it was ordered that the book-seller of Padua should keep a list of books for sale with the prices marked "not in cipher, but in plain letters."

SIR THADDEUS FAIRBANKS.

THE last of the famous firm of Fairbanks Brothers, scale manufacturers, died April 12 at the great age of ninety. He was the inventive genius of the family, and he lived to see the weighing business of the world revolutionized by his inventions, while he himself was knighted by the Austrian emperor in recognition of his valuable services to commerce. The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" says in the course of an editorial upon this true knight of labor:

The family emigrated early in the century from Dedham, Mass., to St. Johnsbury, in north-easterly Vermont. Young Thaddeus, while connected with an iron foundry in 1823, was one of the first inventors of iron plows, as also cooking-stoves. But about that time the farmers in that region had a rage for raising hemp. The Fairbanks brothers had a country store where every thing was expected to be bought which any farmer had to sell. But how to weigh whole loads of hemp conveniently was the question. Thaddeus set his wits to work and presently conceived the idea, which has since been embodied in all the scales that have gone out into every part of the world. The first scale was made of rude timbers; but it answered well the purpose for which it was first used. It is characteristic of the man, that when taking the stage—post haste for Washington to get his new invention patented—although the journey took him several weeks, he refused to travel a mile on Sundays. It was in 1873 that the Emperor of Austria made Mr. Fairbanks a member of the Imperial Order of Francis Joseph.

In more than one respect is the career of this great business concern worthy of consideration. Serious troubles between the firm and its employees were unknown, and the strike, the boycott, and the lockout are strange words in that Vermont town, where the interests of the workmen are considered by their employers with results which point to the best method of solving the labor problem.

JOINT SNAKES.

AN animated discussion has been in progress in a Chicago pap regard to the curious reptiles known as joint snakes. Some rem ble stories having been told of the power of these snakes t after the joints have been separated, a lady writes thus of h rience:

In the summer of 1865 I was teaching school near Morrison nearly a mile of the distance from my boarding-place to t house the road lay along the southern slope of sand hil with scrub oaks, and just at the foot of the hills were ma which kept the ground moist through the whole summer. A ble place for snakes could hardly be found, and there w day I did not kill from one to three in going to and re school.

One day, to my surprise, the pale though smoky-gree struck with a little switch flew into several pieces, an which remained, containing all the vital parts, was b length. It seemed more like an eel than a snake, a on two sticks would invariably slip down off of th parts made no effort to reunite, but were there till th ward, however, one of my pupils brought me a fine snake, alive and well, which we at once proceeded to the joints very similar to those which hold together th in a rattle-snake's rattles. We put them together after memberment, and his snakeship seemed well pleased a his appendage, though what use it is to him I fail to see. he considers it ornamental, and if so he surely needs it, f stiff, awkward-looking snake. It is absurd to think of the p ly coming together. I shall fear hereafter to have my chicke and remain near the severed portion to see that it does not united to the trunk again, and go around crowing over t has won.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

WE have had a strange experience. We are sure that no part of it is a dream, and yet like a dream it seems. We were conscious of being taken bodily in this good year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, and of being put down again in an old town among persons and buildings that represented from one to two centuries ago. "How old is this church?" we asked. "It was built more than one hundred years ago." "How old are you?" we asked a venerable lady whom we were visiting. "In August," she said, with an air of triumph, "I shall be one hundred years old." It is not often one finds a lady who is proud of her years. We sat in a dark vault with three open coffins. The skeletons lay there denuded of every vestige of flesh. Said our guide, pointing to one, "He has been dead ever since 1776, and this one since 1770." We placed our finger on the brow of the dead man of 1770 and a thrill of awe and wonder passed through our frame.

THE old town is Newburyport, in Massachusetts, thirty-seven miles from Boston; settled in 1635 and 1644; incorporated in 1764; putting up its first church in 1725; anticipating by several weeks the Declaration of Independence by bold words spoken May 31, 1776; visited by Gen. Washington in 1789, and by Gen. Lafayette in 1824. It is a quaint and quiet old town by the sea, with old style houses, grand old elms, and capacious churches, and family names running back many generations, receiving luster from the attainments and achievements of early and later representatives. It was larger than Boston. It had the business and the old families and the great divines. It felt the heat from the fire that witchcraft kindled at Salem in the decade between 1690 and 1692. It has been famous for earthquakes, these mysterious visitants having made themselves felt there in two different years since the first white man built his house by the Merrimac. A rare old town is Newburyport!

[illegible]

[illegible]ad, N. D. Dodge, Esq., of this ancient town, gave [illegible] drive out beyond the old chain bridge—"the [illegible]n bridge ever built," we had been told—and [illegible]stic and pleasant home of Harriet Elizabeth [illegible]rd, whom we saw seated at the window. We [illegible]ce the "castle" where the British minister oc- [illegible] a summer. Leaving Salisbury we soon [illegible]h built one hundred and one years ago, and [illegible]lutely unchanged as to its interior. We bor- [illegible]ys and made a Monday morning visit. It is a [illegible]story, wooden structure; the windows without [illegible] the interior without paint. Here are the lofty [illegible]e high box pulpit, and the old Bible; and here are [illegible]acked, square pews, with narrow seats on hinges. [illegible]cket the boys made in those days when they stood up "for to sing," and rising pushed up the seats to make more room in the pew, and then bending a little let the seat drop again! No wonder that in 1711 the "town voted that the selectmen shall forthwith employ several persons to take care that ye boys be kept in order on Sabbath days and satisfie said persons out of ye money of ye parish to which they belong for their sarvice." With such mischievous grandfathers can we wonder at "ye mischievous youth" of this day?

THEY were odd old times indeed. The records of them read strangely enough. Here was an order as voted by the council, or the parish meeting, or some other official convocation, Jan. 4, 1706: "Voted that the new bell be hanged in the turret of the meeting-house with all convenient speed. Also to take care that the bell be rung at nine of the clock every night, and that the day of the month be every night tolled."

In 1693 an inquest by twelve women was held on the body of one Elizabeth Hunt, of Newbury, and the following is the verdict: "We judge, according to our best lights and contients [conscience], that the death of said Elizabeth was not by any violence or wrong dun to her by any person or thing, but by sum soden stoping of her breath." Many a modern verdict is not half so satisfactory.

An interesting extract is here given from the "Newburyport Herald," for January 12, 1791, relating to the organization of a Sunday-school in Philadelphia: "Pity their benevolence did not extend so far as to afford them tuition on days when it is lawful to follow such pursuits, and not thereby lay a foundation for the profanation of the Sabbath." But, then, the Sabbath-school might be a better way of keeping "ye boys" of Newburyport quiet than "ye employment of several persons" to be paid "out of ye money of ye parish for their sarvice."

The records of Newbury, near by, contain many references to a brilliant minister of that place, and its first pastor—Dr. Parker. He was an able scholar, and, in addition to his ministerial duties, kept a small school. Some ministers belonging to the same branch of the Church, being dissatisfied with his theological opinions, came to reason with him. They addressed him in English. He replied in Latin. They followed him in Latin, and he answered them in Greek. They then used Greek, and Dr. Parker flew to Hebrew. They pursued him in Hebrew, when he gave answer in Arabic. His questioners and would-be examiners were unable to converse in Arabic, and he refused therefore to be investigated by any but his "peers."

THE interest of our visit centered in the First Presbyterian Church of Newburyport, one of the largest, oldest, and most celebrated churches of New England. It was built through the influence of the celebrated George Whitefield, and it is here, in a vault under the present pulpit, that his bones repose. The word "repose" is scarcely appropriate, for if ever a dead man's bones were "disturbed" this term may be applied to the treatment of all that remains of the body of the great orator. Many living men have had his skull in their hands. The bones of his right arm were stolen years ago and taken to England, although they were afterward restored. The vault is opened on special occasions, and almost any one may see the head which housed the brain, and the disjointed mouth which poured forth the eloquence of that marvel of oratory. Whitefield, who died at 56 years of age, preached

18,000 times, crossed the Atlantic at least seventeen times. His death was occasioned by excessive labor. The week before he had spoken several times. On Saturday, Sept. 29, 1770, he preached at Exeter, N. H., for two hours in the open air. A friend said to him, just before he began to speak, "Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach." Whitefield replied, "True," and then looking up, he said, "Lord Jesus, I am weary *in* thy work, but not *of* thy work." He came on to Newburyport the same evening, gave a short sermon from the head of the stairs in the parsonage where he stayed, was announced to preach the next morning in the First Presbyterian Church, had an attack of asthma, and at six o'clock Sunday morning, September 30, 1770, passed into eternity. It was a singular experience to the writer of these lines to bend in that dark vault over the open coffin of the great orator; to think of him as one of the Oxford Brotherhood, whose brain and heart had joined in the studies and devotions of the upper room in Lincoln College; and to recall the report of the matchless eloquence that had poured forth from his lips on both sides of the sea, carrying captive the hearts of men.

We called on Sunday afternoon with Bishop Warren on Miss Harrod, who was born in Newburyport in 1786, and who, if she lives until next August, will be one hundred years old. The call was a delightful one. The venerable woman greeted us cordially, talked freely, recited a long gospel ballad which, she said, "I learned ninety-two years ago, when I was eight years old." She became a Christian when she was fifteen. Her voice was strong, her enunciation distinct, and her faculties all perfect. The clear sunset is always beautiful, but in this case is especially so. The day has been a long one, the evening is not far away, and the rest will be pleasant.

We visited Newburyport to attend the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Bishop Henry W. Warren presiding. Methodism practically began in Newburyport with Whitefield in 1740. The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized there in 1819. It has two congregations at present, both of which are doing well. On Saturday evening a reunion of Chautauquans was held in the First Unitarian Church, and a reception tendered to Counselor H. W. Warren and the Chancellor of the Chautauqua University. The house was filled. Between three and four hundred members of the C. L. S. C. were present. Chautauqua songs, addresses by Bishop Warren and the Chancellor, and a hearty handshaking made the occasion, on the whole, very pleasant.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for May 9, 1886. Sowing and Reaping.—John 4. 27–42.
Golden Text.—John 4. 37.

Prefatory.—The scene is Jacob's well a little after noon-day. The Lord lingers by the well, while the disciples go to the town. He converses with the woman until their return. She wonders at his wisdom. They wonder at his condescension. She starts for the town to tell the people about him. I visited Jacob's well in the spring of 1863. It was on a very rainy day that our company rode from "The Fountain of Robbers," not far from Beth-el, to the city of Shechem. The roads were muddy and slippery. The rain came down incessantly. Fringes of mist hung over the hills of Ephraim. In the early evening we found uncomfortable quarters in the city, and the next morning under a clear sky rode through the warm sunlight down the valley between Ebal and Gerizim to the eastern opening, where we sat on Jacob's well and drank from its cool waters. Before us on the right was Mount Ebal, the mount of cursing, on the left Mount Gerizim, the mount of blessing, and to the east lay a broad and verdant valley. We read the story of the woman of Samaria and appreciatd the scene with these ancient waymarks in view.

Interrogatory.—Why, do you suppose, did not the disciples express to Jesus their surprise at his talking with the woman? Why were they surprised? What evidence is furnished in verse 28 of the woman's intense interest? What did Jesus mean by his allusion to "meat" that his disciples knew not of? Is such enthusiasm in work unusual in this age? Have you ever found such delight in play or society that you did not care whether you lost a meal or not? To what did Jesus refer in verse 35? (May not verses 30 and 39 throw light on it?) What two kinds of evidence concerning Jesus did the Samaritans have? How did they prove their faith?

Homily.—People want a Saviour, and are always ready, according to the intensity of their sense of need, to hear about him. The Samaritans knew that the world demanded and that the Scriptures had promised a Saviour. Therefore they eagerly received the words of the woman and sought Jesus. A man in financial straits longs for and tries to find some one to help—a saviour. A man in sickness tries to find a physician—a saviour. A person whose reputation is assailed goes about seeking some one to defend him, one who will be to his fair fame—a saviour. So the man who has a sense of sin, of incurable selfishness, of heavy guilt, longs after—a saviour. Just such a Saviour is Jesus Christ. The Samaritans were glad to hear about him, to hear him, and to receive him into their town.

The work of bringing the knowledge of Jesus Christ to the world is like seed sowing. The truth is the seed. The teacher is the sower. It is not always the sower who reaps. "One soweth and another reapeth." Both have service to render, and both receive reward. What a picture of the need of humanity was that hurrying crowd across the valley of Shechem, toward Jacob's well. Men to-day want help. The Gospel tells about it. The Lord Jesus Christ brings it. Let us do our part toward telling others of the holiness and grace of God.

Prayer.—O Thou Christ the Saviour of the world: Give us Thy children zeal to do Thy work, wisdom to do it well, patience to wait for reward. May we gather fruit unto life eternal. Tarry Thou with us, and may we know by personal vision of Thee and by personal experience of Thy love that Thou art the true Christ, and that there is none besides Thee can save us from sin and death!

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 4.—However recent the word boycott may be in our common parlance, the principle which it involves is older than our country itself. It was one of the first weapons adopted by our revolutionary fathers in their struggle for liberty from the oppression of the mother country. What was it but a boycott when the tea ships were sent back from New York and Philadelphia, the tea stored in damp cellars at Charlestown, and pitched into the water at Boston? when the women organized themselves into such societies as the Daughters of Liberty, and wove their own cloths rather than receive that upon which an unjust tax was imposed? Those were glorious boycotts, the precursors of our freedom.

And if oppression exists to-day, either among governments or corporations, we submit, that if boycotting can be used as a means of redress it is as justifiable now as it was a century ago. W. T. Mullin
Trappe, Md.

Negative arguments should be sent to Our Youth, *Plainfield before May* 8, 1886.

BEST BOOKS.

The Electric Theory of Astronomy. By B. T. Kavanaugh. Published by the Author.

This little volume attempts to show that it is more reasonable that the motions of the heavenly bodies to an electrical force than that the sun is the source than to account for them by the generally received theory of universal gravitation. Our Youth is not prepared to endorse so subversive a doctrine, but we recommend this earnest little volume to all who are interested in the science of astronomy. The writer deserves at least a fair hearing.

Curious Questions in History, Literature, Art, and Miscellaneous Manual of General Information. By S. H. Killikelly. Pittsburg, Pa. Published by the Author.

This book is a finely bound and printed volume containing which the author has gathered a large amount of information points as continually arise to perplex the student or teacher. The "curious questions," which are given on the each week up in a class of young ladies in English literature. The answers, fill the bulk of the volume, represent a large amount of labor on the part of teacher and pupils. By means of a carefully index the possessor of this book may readily find those facts for which we never know just where to look. The range is very wide, and the treatment is so lucid as to make the work a valuable addition to every library.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE Brotherhood of Lincoln College, called in derision "Methodists," was a society of men charged with a great spiritual mission—a mission that had a twofold object: personal consecration, and the service of their fellow-men. They reviewed the ancient classics incidentally, and they studied the Greek Testament, but their great aim was holiness, scriptural holiness, practical holiness.

THEY made serious mistakes. They were ritualists, and they were legalists. They served God sincerely, but were not fully enlightened. The shackles of Romanism were still upon them. Ritualism is Romanism. Most of these Oxford men were, through fidelity and diligent study, finally emancipated from this yoke, and they learned the blessedness of spiritual religion and of freedom from bondage to the law. The deliverance was gradual, but it came; and the earnest pursuit of the way of life was rewarded.

WE need the grace they found—especially that found by the Wesleys and Whitefield. Religious life is a real life. It is a life beyond the natural life; beyond the intellectual life. It is a life of conviction, of faith, of divine desire, of love. It is a life that lives by spiritual food, by spiritual atmosphere, and by spiritual exercise. It accepts the great facts of God, his moral governorship, his law, his love for man, his provision of the Holy Scriptures, the Holy Saviour, the Holy Spirit, his system of redemption by which sin may come to be hated and subdued, and by which holy love may be put into the heart and caused to increase until it fully possesses every power within. We need such religious life.

YES, young people need it. Why not? Does it make this world less beautiful and wonderful to see in it the wisdom, power, and glory of the invisible Father? Is life less secure and noble by being regarded as a scene of training for eternity? Is it less honorable to live for the good of others and for the cultivation of divine tastes than to spend time and strength in having "a good time," and then to die as dogs die? If Howard, the philanthropist, is esteemed more worthy of affectionate respect than Napoleon, and if Jesus, who "went about doing good," occupies a higher place in the thought and sympathy of the world than Alexander, certainly that religious life which Howard found and which Jesus gave is more to be desired than all the pleasures of self-gratification in this world. Young people do need the religious life. If they early die they need it, and if they live long they need it.

THE Oxford League is designed to promote among all, but especially among young people, this genuine religious life. The League brings young people together under the auspices of the Church. It holds up the good example of Christians in the earliest ages and in all ages. It shows how, through consecration to God, human lives may be used in bringing men to the knowledge and love of the truth. It sanctifies the study of the school-room and the secular reading of the home. It asks questions about the personal relations of the soul to God and about motive and desire and daily living. It sets every body at work doing something with help in it. It makes the service of God as real a thing as is any ambition or resolution or occupation of the life. It seeks to develop personal dignity, intelligence, and cheerfulness without sanctimoniousness, pedantry or frivolity. It would create in the world a refined and lofty type of society. It would have parlors full of healthy, sincerity, good taste, sound sense, and true culture—free from affectation, hypocrisy, and superficiality. The ideal is high but

WESLEY makes record as follows in his Journal for Monday, 17: "Between six and seven I went to Marlborough Street. [illegible] wherein we then preached was originally designed for a church, and will contain about four hundred people. But four [illegible] he number may stand in the yard. Many of the rich [illegible] many ministers of every denomination. I preached on [illegible] hath concluded all under sin;' and spoke closely and [illegible] e at all seemed to be offended."

[illegible] 5, 1747: "There was a very large congregation at [illegible] d in the evening. I afterward met the society, spoke [illegible] left them once more in peace. In my road to Bris- [illegible] urtius, a fine writer, both as to thought and lan- [illegible] here does he describe! whose murder of his old [illegible], Clitus (though not done of a sudden, as is com- [illegible] deliberately, after some hours' consideration), [illegible] comparison of his butchering poor Philotas and [illegible] Parmenio. Yet even this was a little thing com- [illegible] nd and ten thousands he slaughtered, both in battle [illegible] king cities, for no other crimes than defending their [illegible] n. I doubt whether Judas claims so hot a place in [illegible] the Great."

[illegible] nteresting assembly in connection with the Methodist [illegible] ch in *Carbondale, Ill.*, under the direction of Prof. C. W. [illegible] n evening entertainment recently, several young gentle- [illegible] s, in brief addresses or essays, gave an analysis and ac- [illegible] eral biblical characters, such as "The sick ruler," "The obedient son," "The great general," "The giant-killer," "The dashing warrior," "The foreign ruler," "The lion tamer," and "The slain daughter." After the character of "The slain daughter" was given, a young lady recited "Jephthah's Daughter," by N. P. Willis. Our correspondent in Carbondale says: "These concerts are very popular here and are doing much good. We are out of the old ruts, and our young people are taking hold of the new scheme with an earnestness not known before."

AN English Churchman says: "To a spiritual mind that dares to think for itself, apostolic succession, if it were any more than a fiction, would be of no greater value than the dead body of Moses."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

ON ACQUIRING A GOOD VOCABULARY.

WE are wont to regard the unabridged dictionary as the source of an unlimited number of words upon which we may draw at pleasure. There is one unfortunate thing in the form of the dictionary which seriously impairs its value for this purpose. In order to find the meaning of a word you must know the word itself. If ideas could be so arranged that you could turn to any idea you wished to express, and find the appropriate word or words appended, the dictionary would be much more highly prized than it is at present.

As this ingenious invention is unlikely to be patented for at least a century, it is worth our while to discover, if possible, a method of acquiring a large number of words which we can use intelligently and with discrimination.

Before proceeding to our task it may be interesting to know how many words there are to be learned and about how many of this number different people use.

The English dictionaries give about 100,000 words which are in good present use. The following paragraph is from M. Renan:

A well-educated person in England who has been at a public school, and at the university, who reads his Bible, his Shakespeare, the "Times" (the great London daily newspaper), and all the books of Mudie's Library, seldom uses more than about 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who avoid vague and general expressions, and wait till they find the word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any writer in any language, produced all his plays with about 15,000 words. Milton's works are built up with 8,000; and the Old Testament says all that it has to say with 5,642 words.

It should be remembered that these estimates include only the words actually used, and not those which are readily recognized and understood in reading, or in listening to a speaker. The importance of having a comparatively large number of words at command may be illustrated as follows:

A little fellow five years old, anxious to make pictures, begs from his mother three colored crayons—red, blue, and green. With a lead pencil he draws a marvelous landscape, a barn, a house, cows, horses, etc. Now he takes his crayons to color the drawing. The barn is red, the house grows blue, and the pasture, by a strange accident, becomes green. The youthful artist turns to the animals, and soon blue horses are grazing with red cows in the green meadow. All the additions to the picture must be blue, red, or green.

The drawing is not thoroughly artistic. It cannot be under the circumstances. But with advancing years the boy is given a larger number of crayons, he studies under skillful teachers, he observes nature closely, he learns to combine colors, and at length becomes a master. Under his brush paintings come out upon the canvas, colors are softly blended, and delicate shades appear. The boy with the three crayons has become the artist.

There is as great a difference between the careless or uneducated person who over-works a few commonplace nouns and adjectives, and the man who commands a large vocabulary acquired by hard study and reading, as between the boy and the artist.

Do not be satisfied with red, blue, and green. Do not content yourself with calling a martial procession, a piece of pie, a Shakespearean reading, and a box of candy, *splendid*. This is coloring house, cows, and pasture all green.

Learn at least one new word every day, besides using the words you know already with intelligent discrimination. If you find that a few adjectives are doing all your work, learn some new ones. It will both do you good and be a great relief to your acquaintances.

How shall a good vocabulary be acquired? By reading the best books, and by associating with people of ideas who know how to express them with some regard to the finer shades of meaning. Consult the dictionary frequently. In reading, whenever you come to a word you do not understand, "look it up." See what its proper meaning is, fix it in your mind, and try to use it when occasion offers.

Conversation means more than a mere power to make known your wants, and exchange a few commonplaces. It is an art, and it demands careful study and constant application.

Some discouraged people say that conversation is soon to be numbered among the "lost arts." Let the coming generation do all in their power to disprove this assertion. Acquiring a good vocabulary is an all-important step in this direction.

Notice.—Will Mary P. Nowlan, Geo. A. Miller, H. C. Perkins, and F. D. B. please send us their addresses, which have unfortunately been lost? Address OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J.*

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"Hold, as 't were, the mirror up to Nature."—*Shakespeare's Hamlet.*

HOMER, DANTE, AND MILTON.

"Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn;
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
The next in majesty, in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the former two."

—*John Dryden.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

TENNIS COURTS.—No. II.

LAST week we described the way to prepare ground which is to be used for tennis-playing, and we now proceed to give the dimensions of single and double courts, together with some hints about marking the lines.

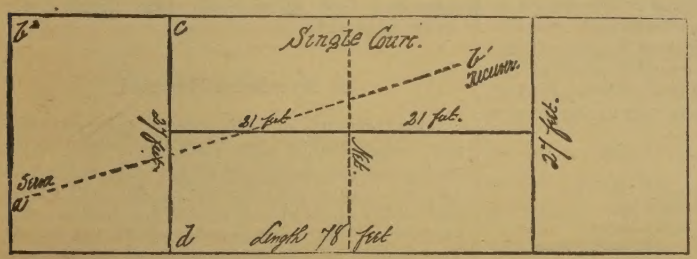

Fig. 1.

Fig. 1 shows the plan of a single court, that is, a court for two players. It is 78 ft. long, and 27 ft. wide, and across the center of the court at right angles to the longest sides the net is stretched. (The net we shall describe next week.) Twenty-one feet from the net on each side, and parallel to it, lines extend across the court. The middle points of these two lines are connected by a straight line, which together with the net divides the smaller section (42x27 ft.) into four courts 21x13½ ft. each. These four courts are the "service" courts, and the lines 21 ft. from the net are the "service" lines. The lines forming the ends of the whole court are known as "base lines."

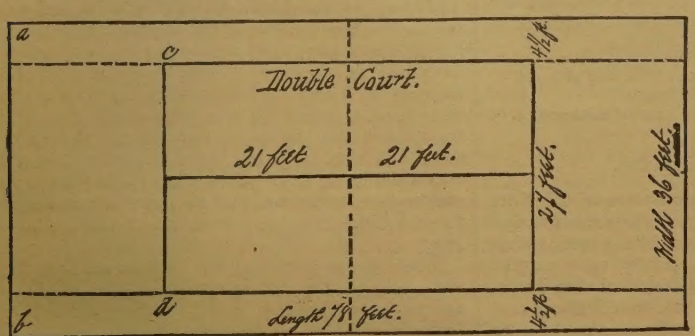

Fig. 2.

The double court, which is shown in Fig. 2, is designed for the use of four persons, although, as will be shown when we come to explain the game, three players may take part in a game on a double court. The only difference between a single and double court is that the latter is 9 ft. wider than the former. If a strip 4½x78 ft. be added to each side of a single court, the result will be a double court. In the diagram the dotted lines show how a single and double court may be combined. This combination is the most desirable form of court, and unless there is room for both single and double, it is a necessity. When only two are playing the outer side lines are neglected, and the inner lines inclose the court of play; while when three play—one opposed to two—the one playing alone uses the single court lines, while the two have to cover the double court on their side of the net. When four play, the double court lines only are regarded.

How shall a court be marked out? Whether on turf or earth the court should be carefully measured off, and stakes driven at all corners or intersections of lines. Great care should be taken to have the angles right angles. This having been done, the question is how to make the lines permanent and plain. For turf there are three ways:

1st. Mark out the court when the grass is high, then go over it with a lawn-mower, cutting out the courts and leaving the high grass standing on the dividing lines. This is the most artistic plan, but the balls are apt to bound uncertainly when they strike the grass boundaries.

2d. With a piece of stout twine for a guide, mark out the lines in whitewash with an old broom. This is the usual method. The marking must be done once a week to make it satisfactory. Machines may be purchased for marking out courts. They consist of broad wheels on which whitewash is dropped from a little tank. The whitewash is distributed over the wheel, which is rolled along the line leaving a broad, white track.

3d. Little trenches may be made and filled with powdered marble. Of these different plans probably the whitewash is the best.

For earth courts the whitewash method is not nearly so satisfactory. The soil becomes dusty and wears away rapidly on the surface, so that the lines quickly disappear.

A plan lately employed for marking earth courts is both simple and permanent. Long strips of unbleached muslin 1½ in. wide are stretched along the lines and held in place by double tacks made of galvanized iron wire. A piece of wire 5½ in. long is bent twice at right angles two inches from each end. The ends are driven into the ground, and the third section holds the tape in place.

Now you know the dimensions and how to mark them, we hope you will have your courts all ready by next week, when we shall bring net, balls, and racquets, and have our first game.

RING THE NAIL.

FOR this game a board is required into which are driven a number of short iron pegs, or nails, about two inches long; the center peg, being about half an inch taller than the remainder, is called King. A number of small rings are then provided, and the player is to proceed to a certain distance from the board, and to throw the rings so that each will encircle a nail. Each successful throw counts five, but if the King is encircled that counts twenty. This game is also known as Skip.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

THE recent cyclone in Minnesota moved over the land and through the towns like a colossal demon. In the presence of such terrible energies of nature how puny does man seem! With all his wisdom he cannot explain them. With all his reach of vision he cannot foreknow their approach. With all his power he cannot prevent the disaster they bring. "He builds too low who builds beneath the skies."

THERE is something weird in the thought of divers going about through the saloons and state-rooms of the sunken steamer *Oregon*, opening trunks and feeling about for jewels and other valuables. We prefer other business, and Providence permitting prefer something ashore.

THE following comes from Cincinnati: "One of the pupils in one of the high schools of Cincinnati, a bright boy of fourteen years, was one morning called upon by his teacher to read his composition before the entire class. This the boy had not expected to do. Indeed, h had not time to copy his first draft of 'An Old-fashioned Lette he had prepared the evening before. This letter was part of an ima nary correspondence between the youthful Horatius in Rome and friend Marcus in Britain. It assumes to have been written sometim the second century. As he proceeded to read, the teacher—a capable lady—interrupted him with the words, 'R., that is not phraseology.' The boy smiled, but read on further. Again the t incredulously interposed, 'R., that is not yours. Where did you The style of that letter is much too mature for you.' The class time were divided in their sympathy for a boy they liked, and blind confidence in their teacher's too frank judgments. T looks were a proof of his honesty. Again his teacher told hi ceed. He finished the reading of his composition. The tea 'R., you may hand your papers to me. I will look into this will inquire of your former teachers. If you really did writ I shall be very much surprised. The thought and style are your years.' Two days afterward, in the presence of th the teacher made her public acknowledgments to the gized to him for the doubts she had permitted herself to answer of the boy at this point was, 'Why, Miss ——, write such a letter? Why shouldn't I use good langua good books, and so far as the ideas of the letter are member of the C. L. S. C., of the class of '89.'"

THERE is nothing like clearness in definition. count of "Evolution." It is "the integration of ma tant dissipation of motion, attended with a continuou definite, incoherent homogeneity of structure and fun coherent heterogeneity of structure and function throug ferentiations and integrations." The scholars may now h

JOHN WESLEY said: "As to matters of dress I would re never to be first in the fashion nor the last out of it."

"THE man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace."

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Denmark.

(Area, 13,784 sq. miles; population, 1,969,454; ruler, King Christian IX.)

DENMARK, the third of the kingdoms inhabited by the Scandinavians, comprises the peninsula of Jutland and the large islands which lie about the entrance of the Baltic Sea. The foreign possessions are of little value, and consist of the Färoe Islands, Greenland, Iceland, and three of the West Indies—St. John, St. Croix, and St. Thomas. The surface of the kingdom is low, and in many places sandy or marshy. The islands constitute the most fertile as well as the most populous division of the country. Agriculture is the principal occupation, though manufactures flourish to a certain extent, and trade is carried on in the larger cities. Grain, live stock, and dairy products are the principal exports. The capital and chief city is Copenhagen on the island of Zealand. None of the other towns exceed twenty thousand inhabitants. Lutheran is the state religion, but all faiths are tolerated. Education is compulsory and almost universal; besides the national schools there is a university of high rank at the capital. The government is a constitutional monarchy.

The authentic history of Denmark begins in the ninth century, when Christianity was first preached in this country, which had hitherto been famous only for the bold deeds of its pirates and sailors. England was repeatedly invaded by the Danes in the next two centuries, and was finally conquered by them and ruled over by King Canute and his descendants (1017–1042). After the Normans had succeeded in the supremacy of England the Danes turned their attention in another direction, and subdued (1018–1223) the countries lying along the coast which are now included in the kingdom of Prussia. But the greater part of these conquests was speedily lost, and the kingdom reduced to a miserable condition by the tyranny of the king, nobles, and priests. The crown of Denmark became ruler over Sweden also. This union was broken by the secession of Sweden (1523.)

The Lutheran religion was established in Denmark in the sixteenth century, and the Danes took part with German Protestants in the early years of the Thirty Years' War. In 1660 the king became an absolute sovereign. The struggle between Charles XII. of Sweden and Peter the Great of Russia involved Denmark, which Russia bore the brunt of the war. Denmark was the gainer when Norway was included (1720). Denmark joined the unfortunate union of Napoleon in 1807, and was humiliated by bombarding the capital and seizing the fleet. The Congress of Vienna took Norway from Denmark and added the little duchy of Lauenburg instead. The duchies of Sleswick-Holstein, lying just south of Denmark, were the personal dominion of the Danish king, although they belonged to the German confederation. In 1846 the king attempted to add these territories to Denmark. The result was a series of wars (1848–1852), which left the duchies in the possession of the king.

In 1863 Denmark undertook to incorporate the duchies into the kingdom. This led to war. Austria and Prussia easily defeated their weak foe and took possession of Sleswick, Holstein, and Lauenburg, which ultimately came into the power of Prussia.

The present king is engaged in a struggle with the lower House of Parliament. He refuses to dismiss his cabinet, which is distasteful to the people, and he insists upon certain appropriations for military purposes to which the representatives are firmly opposed. This long-continued deadlock may end in the deposition of the king. King Christian's six children have been well provided for. Prince Frederick is heir to the Danish throne. Princess Alexandra, as the wife of the Prince of Wales, will some day be Queen of England. Prince George is the present King of Greece. Princess Dagmar is the wife of the Emperor of Russia, Alexander III. Princess Thyra married the English Duke of Cumberland; and Prince Waldemar, the youngest, has recently wedded the Princess Amelia, the daughter of the Count of Paris, who is the Bourbon heir to the vacant throne of France.

SEA-KINGS' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,
Scatter the blossom under her feet!

. . . . . .

Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,
Roll as a ground-swell dash'd on the strand,
Roar as the sea when he welcomes the land,
And welcome her, welcome the land's desire,
The sea-kings' daughter as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
O joy to the people, and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

—From Tennyson's Welcome to Alexandra.

The Panama Canal.

THE report of the representative of the New York Chamber of Commerce who accompanied M. de Lesseps, the engineer, in his recent visit to the Isthmus, gives an impartial statement of the condition and the prospects of the Interoceanic Ship Canal. The length of the canal will be 46½ miles. The width at the bottom will be about 75 feet, and at the water level 100 feet. The depth of the water is to be about 28 feet. The canal is to be without locks, although the country through which it passes is not level. For about 10 miles the cutting will be shallow, then for 20 miles the route runs through a hilly region, varying from 50 to 322 feet above the bottom of the canal. For the remainder of the distance the land is low. The channel extends four miles into the Bay of Panama. The difficulties of the work are to control the Chagres River, which crosses the bed of the canal and is subject to sudden freshets; to cut through the low mountain range; to prevent the channel in Panama Bay from filling up with the deposits of the tides and currents; to procure cheap and abundant labor. The last problem presents the greatest difficulties. The population of the Isthmus is insufficient to perform the work; and men are imported at great expense from Jamaica, Colombia, and the Mississippi Valley. The malarial climate has carried off thousands of the company's employees, and much money has been expended for hospitals and medical services.

The total excavation up to Feb. 1, 1886, was 14,678,856 cubic meters, or less than one seventh of the whole. The amount of money raised by the company has been $120,000,000, of which $74,000,000 has been expended. The company asks the French government for a new loan of $120,000,000 to finish the remaining six sevenths of the canal. As to the probable date of the completion of the work the report makes no prediction. The elements of uncertainty are so great that there is no ground for any thing beyond the merest conjecture. The immense sum of money required, the possibility of encountering subterranean rocks or watercourses, the Chagres problem, any of these may add years to any estimated limit of time. But the work has advanced so far that there seems to be no doubt of its ultimate success. The company can better afford to complete than to abandon their great undertaking. This unprejudiced account of the progress and prospects of the canal contrasts strongly with the sanguine utterances of de Lesseps, who has promised that ships shall pass through the Isthmus in 1889.

A Specimen Boycott.

THE boycott of Mrs. Gray has attracted much attention in New York city. This woman has a small bakery in which she employs a number of men who do not belong to the Bakers' Union, a trades organization for the protection and mutual benefit of its members. The Union informed Mrs. Gray that she must discharge these employees and fill their places with men who were not open to this objection. Feeling that she had a right to hire whom she pleased, this quiet but firm little woman declined to obey this mandate. The boycott was therefore laid upon her. The grocers who had been her chief customers ceased trading with her, in obedience to the warning of the Union. Men and boys were stationed before the shop with hand-bills and placards, urging all to aid the cause of labor by purchasing nothing of Mrs. Gray.

The affair was given prominence in the papers, and the woman's determined resistance enlisted the sympathy of many who had never heard of her before. Orders poured into the little bakery until the working force had to be increased to meet the increased demand. The boycotters attempted to cut off the supply of flour, but Mrs. Gray purchased a carload, which was delivered, notwithstanding their efforts to coerce the truckmen, and to have her arrested for blocking the sidewalk while it was unloading.

After these annoyances had continued for two weeks, the city authorities took decisive action. On Monday, April 17, the Grand Jury indicted thirteen of the persons who had been stationed in front of the bakery to enforce the boycott. The indictment is based upon the law which provides that "a conspiracy to prevent any one from carrying on a lawful business, or to coerce others from engaging in such business, is a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment for not more than one year and a fine not to exceed $500." The cases have not yet come up for trial. Public opinion has been so strongly against the Union in this instance that the boycott has utterly failed. Mrs. Gray has not only increased her business in new directions, but she has won back the timid grocers who were her main support previous to the trouble.

An Insane Monarch.

LOUIS II. is King of Bavaria, one of the chief states of the German Empire. He is now in his forty-first year, and succeeded to the throne of his father in 1864. His personal peculiarities have many times brought him into prominence, and now the news comes from his

capital that the princes have determined to place the government in the hands of a regency on account of the alleged insanity of the king. Louis is best known as the patron of Richard Wagner, the great composer, for whom he built an opera-house. It was one of the whims of this eccentric ruler to have theatrical performances for his individual entertainment, when he would sit alone in the great opera-house and listen to the opera. By building costly palaces the king dissipated his private fortune as well as the enormous revenue which he received from the state, until his creditors have become impatient, and he has been forced into bankruptcy. His mind has been weakened by intemperance to such an extent that he can no longer be intrusted with the government.

Pronunciation.

Al-ex-an'dra.
Bal'tic (Bawl'-)
Ca-nūte'.
Cēlt (Sēlt).
Chā'grēs.
Co'pen-hā'gen.
Croix (Kroi).
Fā'roe (-ro).
Hol'stein (-stīne).
Ja-mai'ca (-mā'-).
Jut'land.
Lau'en-burg (Lou'-).
Na-pō'lē-on.
Pan'a-mā'.
Sles'wick.
Wal'de-mar (Wōl-).

A Brief Survey.

No settlement has yet been reached in the great strike in the south-west. The company refuses to recognize the Knights of Labor, and claims to have no difficulty in finding outsiders to man its trains. A special committee of Congress in session at Washington is investigating this strike, and has summoned the principal officials of the railroad and the knights to testify.——By the breaking of a dam at East Lee, Mass., April 20, the village was flooded and several lives were lost.——A feud between the Americans and Mexicans at Murphyville, Tex., April 17, resulted in a fight in which several Mexicans were killed.——The N. Y. Legislature has passed the bills repealing the charter of the Broadway railroad and winding up the affairs of the company. The right to operate the road will be sold at auction.——President Cleveland sent a message to Congress April 22 in regard to the labor troubles. He suggested arbitration as the best method of settling labor difficulties, and favored the establishment of a U. S. commission for the purpose of hearing and deciding such disputes. ——A strike at the Brooklyn sugar refineries was the occasion of a collision with the police, pistols and clubs were freely used, and many were arrested. The strikers were mostly of foreign birth, and many of them were German socialists.——Ex-President Chester A. Arthur is reported to be seriously ill.

An ice gorge in the St. Lawrence River at Montreal caused a flood, April 17–19, which submerged one half of the city and inflicted a loss of $1,750,000. ——The Roman Catholic bishop of Madrid, Spain, was shot and mortally wounded on the steps of the cathedral, April 18, by a priest who sought this means of avenging an injury.——The small city of Stry in Austrian Poland was destroyed by fire April 18. More than one hundred lives were lost, and there is intense suffering among the houseless survivors.——The British forces in Burmah have been repulsed by the natives. Mandalay, the capital, was set on fire April 20, and one third of the city was destroyed in spite of the efforts of the British garrison to quench the flames.——Four of the Atlantic cable companies have combined to lower the rate for cable messages to twelve cents a word.——The French cable parted April 18, 220 miles from the American terminus, Duxbury, Mass.——There is no change in the warlike attitude of Greece. The people are enthusiastic for war with Turkey, and the Powers, at least Germany and England, are determined to prevent hostilities which are likely to bring about a general conflict in south-eastern Europe.——King Louis II., of Bavaria, who has long been famous for his eccentricities and as the patron of Richard Wagner, the composer, has been declared bankrupt. The princes are taking steps to have a regent appointed in his stead, on the ground that the king is insane.——A dangerous labor outbreak is reported in the manufacturing district of Grammont, in Belgium.——Mr. Gladstone has retired to his country-seat for rest. His Irish measures are being discussed in popular gatherings in all parts of the United Kingdom. The Scotch Liberals threaten to vote against the second reading of the bills.——An attempt was made to blow up a church at Madrid on Good Friday by placing dynamite in the altar candles.——In view of the expected cholera epidemic the Spanish government has adopted the inoculation treatment of Dr. Ferran.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—A man in the coal region put a little dynamite in the cook stove to remove clinkers. It removed them. It also removed three chairs, one table, the family cat, a 24-hour clock, four dollars' worth of dishes, and the stove. The fact that the man was likewise removed, in something of a hurry, will be apt to prevent his mode of removing clinkers becoming popular.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Give us, O give us, a man who sings at his work," says Carlyle. O, yes; give him to us; deliver him into our hands. He occupies the next office, and we can't get at him.—*Boston Post.*

—"Yes," said Fogg, in a facetious vein, "thirty years ago Charley could not read or write; now he speaks two languages besides his own, and is more or less familiar with half a dozen more. What do you think of that?"

"Wonderful!" echoed the boarders.

"And how old did you say he was?" asked Jones.

Fogg—"Twenty-five next summer."

Chorus—"H'm!"—*Boston Traveler.*

—A man in Hoboken was greatly alarmed recently over the report of a new counterfeit five-dollar bill; but, searching his pockets and finding nothing larger than a nickel therein, he was immediately relieved.—*The Judge.*

—An article in an exchange is headed, "The Cramps Cut Her in Two." This is rather startling at first glance. The cramps often double her up, or tie her—and him, too—in a bow-knot; but the attack is seldom sharp enough to cut him or her in two, although it may prove fatal. Upon reading the article, however, we find that the cramps referred to are the ship-builders, and the "her" a vessel.—*Norristown Herald.*

—John—"An' what will you be doin', fri'nd, after l'avin' college?"

Jones—"Well, John, you know there are always plenty of openings for a man of genius."

John (who doesn't see the connection)—"Sure enough, sor, but what will *you* be doin', sor?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—Cave canem.—Aunt Matilda—"Dear me! that's my minister, the Rev. Ananias Howler, knocking, and he does so dislike dogs."

Miss Prettypert—"Never mind, auntie, I'll be off. Good-bye."

Aunt M.—"Well, if you wouldn't mind, dear. I wouldn't like Jingo to bite Mr. Howler."

Miss P.—"Certainly not. He's a most unwholesome-looking man."—*Fun.*

True to the letter.—Slowdrop—"Got my cabinet-photo's ready?"

Photographer—"Next Wednesday week."

"But here, this is a swindle. Your advertisement says 'cabinets finished while you wait.'"

"Well, you are waiting, are you not?"

"Oh, O, yes—I see."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Teacher—"Georgie, what is fur?"

Georgie—"China, I guess."

Teacher—"None of your nonsense, sir. How can China be fur?"

Georgie—"'Cause it aint near."—*Tid-Bits.*

While a school-boy gets off a real witticism, it was a ten-year-old Concord boy who, when asked what the letters S. P. Q. R. on the standards of Cæsar's legions stood for, replied that he was not quite certain, but he imagined it meant "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Rats."—*Boston Record.*

GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By the cellar,
By the floor and whitened wall,
By the mattress her
By the dresser;
By the staircase and hall.
By the pleasure
By the measure
By she keeps her brooms;
By the peeping
By the "keeping"
By the back and *unseen* rooms.
By her kitchen's air of neatness,
By its general completeness;
By here in cleanliness and sweetness
By rose of order blooms.
—*Lester Leigh, in Good Housekeeping.*

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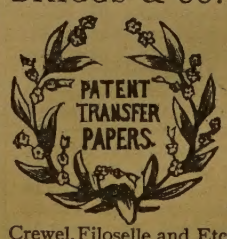

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